A NEW SONG Between Whig and Tory.

To the Tune, *Some ſay the Papiſts had a Plot.*

Tory. 1.

WHat Chear poor foul mouth'd Whig what (Chear?
Come rouſe thy Snivelling Cant,
What quite Creſt faln within this Year,
Are Sham-plots grown ſo Scant,
Thy whining fleers foretells thy Fate,
Thy Splaymouth'd Chaps Devine,
Jack Catch has Squared out thy Date
And *Tyborne* for thy Shrine.

Whig. 2.

Undone, Condem'd and Dam'd, and all,
Too late now to Rebel,
The Sport's all ſpoil'd ſince *Dagon*'s Fall,
His Tap's conſum'd in Hell.
Our new Cabals, and *Poliſh* Kings
Of Select Knaves and Fools,
Our Intrigues to Deſtruction brings
With our Fanatick Souls.

Whig. 3.

Areſting the Kings Magiſtrates,
Expos'd our Great Deſigns,
The Nation knows the Rabble waits
On Rebels at ſuch times.
The City Charter void of Cure
We're ſtript of all our hopes,
Of making Kings by Broom-ſtaff Power,
And every Year New Popes.

Tory. 4.

Faith *Whig* joyn all the Knights o'th Poſt,
And to your Martyrs Pray,
That they'l bring Hell and all its Hoſt
For to regain the Day.
Judg *Bradſhaw*, *Hewſon*, *Colledge* bold,
Fitz-Harris and ſuch Saints,
Since you with ſuch Infernals hold,
They may repair your wants.

Whig. 5.

Let Fiends and Furies take their courſe,
By *Hobbs* I dare not pray,
For when I think on God by force
More Sacred Souls than they.
Blood Spangled Ghoſts of Innocents
Which fright me from their Sight,
And leaves me guilty in a Trance
Of the Eternal Night.

Tory. 6.

Then pleaſe thy ſelf with what is paſt,
When none durſt call thee Knave,
That ſhort Arſt-Rump at *Oxford* laſt,
What Power to Rogues they gave.
The Sociations great Succeſs
'Gainſt *York*, what Whelps appear'd,
The glorious drift of your Addreſs
from Cripl'd *Tony*'s Beard.

Whig. 7.

Confound all thoughts of Glories paſt,
We'll ſtill New Plots contrive,
Though *M---fields* Letter flew too faſt
To let that Sham-Plot thrive.
In Miſchief we will ſtill delight
To plague the Peace and Crown,
Imbracing all things but the Right,
Till Vengeance preſs us down.

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